

# Caged Between The Beta & Alpha Chapter 32

## A Scuffle

### LIAM

We thought we had a fucking lead, but the rain fucking washed it away. By the way the marks were left along the far side, it was clear a body had been dragged along the northern side of the forest. What fucking confused me was that it was almost as if the person knew exactly what angles the cameras were positioned at. Which made me even more pissed off. It meant there was a high chance that the killer was on the inside of the IT or surveillance department.

I had told Zack and Damon that I wanted to question every fucking person again, but they had been against it. I was fucking tired of being told how to run my pack.

Coming back to my room, seeing Raven sitting there in my bed telling me how I might not even live past the next fucking blood moon was the fucking icing on the damn cake.

If that were the fucking case, then what was the point of all this? What was the point of hurting her by keeping her around me? What was the point of keeping a good reputation within the eyes of my pack? I should just do this shit and make sure I find the culprit before the blood moon. If I am to die, then at least I can do one thing right before I go.

I dropped onto the bed, her scent still clinging to the pillow, and closed my eyes, my heart fucking clenching painfully.

The selfish side of me told me to make the most of the time I had... To love her and spend it with her before it was too late.

The bitter truth that I had wasted three years of my life left a sour taste in my mouth.

I stared at the ceiling, hating how I had just treated her so coldly. This shit was not something I wanted to worry anyone about, especially not Mom and Dad... and I shouldn't have told her, it wasn't fair on her.

If I only had a few months, then I promise I'll spend it well...

I don't know how long it had been, but I couldn't sleep.

I got out of bed, leaving my room. I locked the door behind me, staring down at the keys in my hands, taking the second before I unlocked Raven's and silently slipped into her room. She was fast asleep, I closed the door quietly behind me.

Yeah, I kept a key to her room. Who fucking cares?

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I stared at her. She was holding one of her ugly plushies to her chest. Raven was the type of girl who would look past all the cute plushies in a shop and choose the ugliest, weirdest one she could find. She was the type of person who thought the neglected ugly animal in the zoo was cute, the type of person who would buy a used item to make someone happy even if she could afford something better.

She was different. People hated her energetic attitude growing up, but I loved it; loved her quirky nature, her warmth and her fucking smiles. But I was hurting her too...

She turned over, her arms loosening around the ugly goddamn plushie as she pushed the blanket half off her. I realised she had ditched her oversized top, now only wearing her sports bra and leggings, I found myself quickly admiring her body. She was fucking gorgeous, from her rounded breasts, curvy hips and thighs, right down to that pierced navel of hers.

Leaning down, I tugged the plushie from her arms and tossed it to the ground before sliding into her bed. I know I was a dick to her earlier, but I just needed something calming to let me fucking sleep.

I was hot and cold, angry and calm, but right now I just needed her, wanted her. I was about to slip my hand under her head when she wrapped her arms around my head, pulling me to her chest, snuggling against me.

Well fuck...

Her breasts did feel fucking good...

Smirking, I slipped my arms around her waist instead, pulling her against me. Even if we can't be together for long, I would treasure the time that I do have, even if it isn't long.

I awoke to a piercing scream. The next thing I knew, I was

kicked with full force in the chest. It knocked me off the bed and straight into the shelf beside the window, sending shooting pain through my neck and back.

"Fucking hell, what was that for?" I growled, seeing Raven sit up and cross her arms over her breasts, her cheeks flushed.

"Why were you squashed against my boobies!?" She shrieked.

"The fuck? You pulled me into your arms." I groaned, standing

1. up.

At this rate, I won't even live until the fucking blood moon.

"I didn't! You came into my room and molested my poor little potatoes." She looked down at her breasts as if sharing sympathy with them.

"First of all, they are nothing like potatoes, way too fucking soft." I said with an arrogant smirk, only resulting in her cheeks darkening. I didn't think she could get even more embarrassed. "Secondly, if I wanted to molest them or whatever shit you just came out with, I would have at least gotten a feel of your nips."

Ok, I was wrong. Her entire face and neck now looked an even darker shade of red as she glared at me, absolutely mortified.

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"Leave!"

"Good morning to you too." I growled, walking over to the bed. I dropped onto the bed on my knees, leaning towards her. She jumped like I had just electrocuted her.

Seriously, didn't she realise this just made it a whole lot fucking more fun to tease her?

"What's wrong? Never had a man touch your breasts?" I taunted, smirking when I glanced down at them.

"Liam, this isn't funny!" She growled, about to kick me again, but I yanked her by the ankle, dragging her flat onto her back.

A squeak escaped her, and I won't deny it was pretty amusing.

"I'm actually finding it fucking fun." I growled huskily, about to straddle her when she tried to kick me again. "Seriously love you really need to learn to behave."

"Well, news flash, I don't like to behave!"

In a flash she flipped us over, about to punch me, but I was ready. Grabbing her wrists, I rolled us over, but she pulled to the left. I was not expecting the force, we both fell off the bed and hit the floor, tangled with the duvet. I kicked it off, pinning her wrists to the floor, straddling her hips with both of us glaring into the other's eyes.

I was very fucking aware of my morning wood, and the way she wriggled under me only made me fucking throb harder.

"Let go of me." She pouted, trying to jerk free only for my arm to hit the bedside table, knocking it against the bed frame.

"Raven, are you ok? I heard something..."

Followed by a gasp.

Both of our heads snapped up to the now open door to reveal none other than Mom standing there looking completely stunned as she took in the scene before her.

I glanced down at the way this probably looked; me shirtless with a fucking hard-on, Raven a flushed mess... My eyes widened as I stared into Raven's unique, alarmed ones. –

Well fuck...